

telling
telling
tales

We began working with this group of young people back in September of last year as part of Rotherham's Excellence In Cities Gifted and Talented programme. During the autumn term, we worked together to produce a public performance of original poems, sketches and songs.

We started again after Christmas when one or two of the youngsters left us for pastures new but we were pleased to welcome in their place a number of new group members.

This time we were charged with the task of writing stories and narratives and this booklet represents a sample of the work which the group produced.

We hope that you enjoy reading it as much as we enjoyed working with the youngsters in producing it. Considering that the school students are Y5, Y6 and Y7 students, we're sure you'll agree that the material is of a very high quality.

Chris Brammer	the telling tales team	Elizabeth Edley
Laura Morris		Rebecca Summerfield
Faye Ducker		Kerry Humphries
Chloe Joanne Wilkinson		Naomi Atkinson
Melody Utley		Jane Evans
Heather Stotton		Chloe Newbold
Tom Whitehead		Rebecca Andrews
Lydia Wraw		Jessica Haigh
Jessica Roberts		Katy Butterworth
Jessica Waring		Stacey Shaw
Hannah Elizabeth Utley	Chloe Hill	

writetolive

John Turner | Linda Lee Welch | Ray Globe | Laura Watson
website www.writetolive.com email enquiries@writetolive.com

contents

- 4 **The Ghost Dog Of The Woods** Chris Brammer
6 **Cindy** Laura Morris
11 **Cinemas** Faye Ducker
13 **Every Babysitter's Worst Nightmare**
Chloe Joanne Wilkinson
26 **Going to work** Melody Utley
29 **The craziest day ever** Heather Stotton
33 **A Cat's Life** Tom Whitehead
36 **Lilly's Life** Lydia Wraw
41 **Untitled** Jessica Roberts
43 **Dear Diary** Jessica Waring
45 **Truth or Dare** Hannah Elizabeth Utley
49 **The Pixie and I** Elizabeth Edley
51 **No ordinary day** Rebecca Summerfield
54 **The Rescue** Kerry Humphries
56 **Terrible Torture** Naomi Atkinson
60 **Meadowhall** Jane Evans
64 **Crystal Peaks** Chloe Newbold
66 **The Holiday** Rebecca Andrews
68 **The Staff Room** Jessica Haigh
71 **Saturday Nightmare** Katy Butterworth
74 **The Girl Who Can't Write Stories**
Stacey Shaw

The Ghost Dog Of The Woods

Chris Brammer [11]

Hello! My name is Jeff and I am going to tell you something that happened to me a few weeks ago. This story is a strange one and you may not believe me.

It all started two weeks ago when I was on a bicycle ride through the woods. Suddenly I realised that I was lost. I looked on the map of my bike route and it didn't help me one bit. There was a loud creaking sound as a tree rocked in the wind and the rain. There was a faint howling off in the distance. The air was as cold as a snowy mountain in the winter, and it encased the whole wood in its ghostly grasp. It was the type of place where you felt like you're being watched all the time from every angle. There was a haunting feeling, as if something terrible had happened at this place and it had never been solved.

As I wandered through this place, I kept hearing this shrieking in my head. The evil look was one that would have scared the life out of anyone. The trees looked half dead and half alive, but they were the only plants that lived there. The grass was gone from the ground and only the dirt showed. No little shrubs grew at all, and there was a little boggy pond now and again.

I travelled, not knowing if I was going in to the woods or heading out. I heard footsteps behind me. I turned around and nothing was there. **SUDDENLY**, a dog jumped out at me. It looked very thin and very happy to see me. I was happy too, because I

thought this dog must live nearby so I could find my way out. The dog was a black Labrador; I couldn't see it very well because of the blackness around me. The one thing out of the ordinary about this dog was that his eyes were golden and they shone in the darkness.

"What are you doing here?" I said to it, but it set off on a run so I cycled after it. We sped for what seemed like hours, but it wasn't. The same thought came in to my head over and over again. "Where is he going?"

After about twenty minutes, the dog stopped. I followed him to a little area where pieces of cloths lay about. The dog walked up to a pile of bones, but the bones were covered in bits of skin, and the skin was covered in clothes. It was a dead body! I looked for the dog that had led me to the site. He had vanished. Then there was a sound, it was a siren. Suddenly the police arrived. They asked me, "What are you doing here?"

I said, "I have just been riding through the forest."

They soon said, "This is secret operation, clear off the site." I was about to say something when two big fat security guards grasped me and threw me off the land. I heard a rustle from behind me in the bushes. Was it the dog, or was it just the wind? I thought I saw something in the corner of my eye and that's when things started to really shake up. I then saw something move for sure but was it the dog or just my imagination? He had just vanished. Was he real or not?

Cindy Laura Morris [10]

[Dedicated to all my friends and family, but especially Mrs Butler. For being the best teacher ever.]

"Ding!" went the mobile phone. Cindy went off to fetch it. She knew her sisters would shout at her if she didn't. It was a cool sounding man who answered. Cindy wasn't surprised. She hadn't thought for a moment it would have been for her, partly because she didn't have a mobile for people to call her on, and partly because she didn't have any friends to phone her. The man wanted to speak to her stepmother but she wasn't in, so she passed it to her 2 stepsisters, Hannah and Rachel.

"It's mine Hannah!" screamed Rachel.

"No it's not!" shouted Hannah; "it's my mobile so I'm using it!"

Rachel walked off in a huff and Hannah talked to the man on the mobile. When she put it down she had a big smile on her face. She ran up the stairs shouting "Disco Dave's having a big rave at the youth club hall and were invited!"

Immediately Rachel came out of her sulk and slid down the banister rail with Hannah.

"I've just polished that!" wailed Cindy.

"Well you'll have to polish it again then, won't you." Cackled Hannah.

"This polish might be called infinite, but it doesn't last forever you know." complained Cindy.

"It's also the cheapest mum could find." Teased

Rachel, and they were still giggling when they went out shopping for some new outfits.

Cindy went upstairs to finish tidying Rachel and Hannah's bedrooms. She knew she wouldn't be going to the disco. Even if she went what would she wear? All she had was rags that had to be sewn back together every night.

By this time her stepmother had come back and her and the step sisters were experimenting with the new make up they had bought.

"Cindy!" Shouted Rachel "Mum says you're to come downstairs right now!"

Cindy appeared with slightly red and swollen eyes. Her step mum took one look at her and smiled nastily "I would give you some make up to cover your ugly face, but One: I can't be bothered with you and Two: No make up could cover your face up." And with that she walked out.

"Blubber!" Said Rachel, as she left.

"Cry-baby!" added Hannah, when she followed.

Cindy went straight to her bedroom to cry. The room was dark and gloomy, as it was the room under the stairs. Every time someone went up or down the stairs it creaked like it was going to fall on top of her. Sometimes Rachel and Hannah raced up and down the stairs on purpose, just to annoy her. If only her dad hadn't married this woman he never would have turned against her and her life would have been more liveable.

She sat and wept for over an hour before she realized there was a woman putting her arm around her. She was very pretty and had a long blue dress on.

"Hello Cindy." The woman said.

"Who are you and what do you want?" Asked Cindy.

"I'm your mentor." She answered, as though it was the most normal thing in the world to say.

Cindy gasped and said, "I have a mentor?"

"Of course you do!" The woman replied, " Didn't you know?"

Cindy felt faint. She had no idea about any of it.

She tried pinching herself, but she was defiantly awake.

"OK then" She sighed, "What are you going to do to help me?"

"First of all, call me Liz, secondly you can't go to a disco in those clothes. Lets get a boob tube and a mini skirt on you!"

Cindy looked doubtful. Nothing so far in her life seemed to be good why would it start happening now.

But Cindy didn't have any more time to think.

Before she knew it she was out in the cold and Liz was making an ice-lolly stick that was lying on the floor into a limousine.

Cindy had a few seconds of dizziness before she realised that the disco would be starting soon.

"I can't drive!" Exclaimed Cindy.

Liz just smiled and made a fountain turn into a driver with cool tinted glasses. "Just be back by midnight!" She warned.

Cindy blinked. She looked at the limousine. It was silver with blacked out windows. The number plate was "LOLLY" and Cindy was chuckling happily when she got in.

When she was in she looked at the driver. She felt

shy in front of him, so she stepped forward, pressed a button, and a black cover came down between them.

Cindy sighed and looked around. The seats were red and furry. There was a red carpet to match and in the middle a black table. The table had a McDonalds on it.

Cindy was hungry and looked wistfully at it. In five minutes they were at the disco and she was walking in the big doors to the club hall. She could see Dave dancing with somebody and her sisters and stepmother were in the corner gazing at him starry-eyed. She casually walked around. She didn't know exactly what she was going to do and why she was so desperate to be there, as they had gone lots of places without her before and she'd been so used to it she had never really been that bothered. At the end of the song Dave walked up to her and asked her to dance. By this time her sisters had realised it was her and were angrily pushing through the crowd. When they arrived they made a big fuss and started shouting. Dave wasn't pleased. "Get out and get lost." He said, when they tried to interrupt. He made the guards come and they pushed them out. Cindy danced with Dave for hours on end with nearly every pop song imaginable, until; out of the corner of her eye she saw a clock. It was midnight! She ran out of the youth club doors as fast as she could. On the floor of the street lay a broken fountain and a lolly stick. She was wearing her old ragged clothes.

Back at the youth club, the party had stopped and Dave had found one of Cindy's platform shoes. He

promised himself he would find Cindy.

A couple of days later, a young man came to Cindy's door.

"Excuse me," he said, nervously, "I'm looking for somebody who Disco Dave danced with and fell in love with. I have one of the shoes she was wearing, if you don't mind trying it on?"

Every one came rushing to try on the shoe, but, of course, it didn't fit any of them.

Then the person with the shoe noticed Cindy hovering in the background.

"Come on then, I haven't got all day." He said.

Naturally it fitted her and she and Dave met up again. A couple of years later they got married at the youth club where they met with their toddler Danielle as one of the bridesmaids.

Cinemas

Faye Ducker [10]

"Go on, go in" said Peter, my friend. He wanted me to go in a dusty old cinema that had been out of business for years. I didn't want to go in it but he kept telling me to so I went in. It was very dark and gloomy. I was scared. I went up some stairs that creaked as I walked up them. I came to an old door. I opened it creaking towards me.

Inside were cobwebs, spiders where there. I walked up to the spiders and scraped them out of the way and do you know what happened next? I fell down this big hole I thought I was going to die. I was so scared I didn't want to die I was only a little girl. Just then I hit the bottom and I heard my name being called, "Nicole, Nicole?" I heard. "Are you there?" I got up and had a look around.

I soon found Peter lying in a heap on the floor.

I saw a puddle of water, so I picked some up in my hand and poured it over his face, he woke up with a start. "Huh, what are you doing?" He cried. I didn't think I needed to answer that question so I didn't. "Come on get up!" I said. "We need to get out of this dump!" "How did you get in here?" I asked Peter. "I was walking up and down waiting for you when suddenly I fell down this big hole and when I was falling I was shouting you and then I hit the bottom and that's all I can remember." I got up, so did Peter.

Suddenly I heard some dogs barking, "Come on!" I shouted, and we both started to run. The dogs were chasing us, all I could hear were the dogs

barking. I ran into a passageway, Peter followed. The dogs went straight past us. " Phew!" I gasped, as I sat on the floor, " that was a close one, we really need to think about getting out of here".

We went through the passage and found ourselves at the door that I came in through. " Look! The door," said Peter, " let's go!". We tried to get out but the door was stuck. " Come on let's get that log and bust the door open," I said. So we picked up the log and rammed it against the door, it flung open so quick that we both fell out of it. We were both so happy to get out, so we didn't say a word all the way home. And do you know what the best thing is? Our Mums and Dads didn't even find out.

Every Babysitter's Worst Nightmare

Chloe Joanne Wilkinson [12]

"Katie, can you go and get a nappy for Ellie from the airing cupboard please?" asked mum as she laid my three-week-old baby sister on the changing mat.

Without saying anything (because no matter what I say these days, I end up getting a load of abuse from at least one member of this household) I got up and slowly made my way up the stairs.

I opened the airing cupboard door, which was the third door from the top of the stairs, and reached to the top shelf. I am quite small for a fourteen year old, so I had to stand on my tiptoes and stretch out my arms, using my fingertips to pull the huge box of Pampers Girl's Nappies off the shelf.

As I pulled them down, something else fell down too. It was a rather large chain with a huge gold medallion on the end. I ignored my job (to bring mum a nappy for Ellie) and picked up the medallion.

"Wow!" I gasped. It was a bit on the dusty side, so I pulled my navy sweater sleeve over my hand and rubbed it across the medallion, and then blew the rest of the dust away. It was beautiful. On it was a picture of a knight with a jousting stick, riding a horse and wearing a small medallion of his own.

"Katie! Hurry up with that nappy!" mum yelled impatiently. I shoved the medallion quickly in my pocket and carried the box (which was incredibly heavy) downstairs and into the living room.

"God, Katie. I meant bring a nappy, not a box of nappies!" Mum said sarcastically. I put down the box and took out a nappy and handed it to mum.

"You really should be learning how to look after Ellie, seeing as how you're babysitting for us next week!" Mum said as she changed Ellie.

"What?" I cried. I didn't remember her mentioning babysitting before. I mean, I was only just fourteen, and I had a little brother too, Matthew who's six, and he was bad enough! But a little baby? No way!

"Oh, sorry Petal, did I forget to mention it? Your father and I are going to your Aunt Rachel's birthday party next Tuesday, no kids allowed!"

"But I'm only just fourteen! I can't cope with looking after Matt and Ellie by myself!" I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

"Oh, you'll be fine! I'll leave you some nappies, milk, and I'll bath her and bed her before I go. If you're lucky she'll only wake up once while we're gone, and then all you've got to worry about is our Matt, and he'll be no problem!"

"No problem? Don't you remember what he did to cousin Rebecca when she babysat us last Christmas? He terrorised the poor lass! She was practically tearing her hair out when she left!"

"Rebecca was a soft touch. You'll be able to handle him, you're a tough cookie, take after your dad!"

"But... But..."

"No buts. It's decided and that's final. Look, I'll give you five pounds for doing it if I must."

I was just about to ask for more when mum gave me that look. You know what I mean, the "Don't answer me back, child!" look. I turned away, sighed, and went up to my room.

My room is in the attic, it's like the third floor of

the house, as our house is only a three bedroom house and when Aunt Rachel used to live with us she had one of the bedrooms to herself so I lived in the attic. Now I treat it as not just my bedroom but also my home. I decorated it how I wanted it (it's really dark blue with glow in the dark silver stars dotted all over the walls), it has a TV, HiFi, computer and everything. The computer is a bit rubbish, though, as its second hand, but it works. I picked up my mobile phone and dialled one of my best friends, Janine's number.

"Hi Justine, it's Katie. You'll never guess what mum's expecting me to do... baby-sit for Ellie and Matt next Tuesday all by myself! I just can't believe it! It sucks one hundred and one percent!" I told her.

"Ah, I wish my mum would let me baby-sit for the twins. She doesn't trust me enough though, don't know why. Anyway, I think you'd make an excellent babysitter!"

"Want to bet? Matt's a little horror and Ellie does nothing but whinge, cry and scream! Mum thinks she'll only wake up once while she's gone. I doubt it though. I bet just because it's me who's looking after her she'll play up!"

"No she won't, she's just a baby, not a flipping devil!"

"That's what you think. You've only ever seen her asleep!"

"Tell you what, why don't me and Emma come round? We can help you, Emma's brilliant with babies. Well, she should be, she had plenty of practise helping her Maria bring up her kid before she had her adopted."

"Hmm. One thing's for sure, mum won't have Ellie adopted. She loves her to bits. Well I better go now, I'm shattered and I haven't finished my Geography essay yet and it's got to be in tomorrow third period."

"Ok. See you tomorrow."

"Bye."

I put down the phone and swivelled round on my desk chair until I was facing my desk. On my desk was my computer, a pile of schoolbooks, a pot full of pens and my mobile phone. I quickly got onto work with my geography essay which my worst nightmare, Mr Honey set me) Then, about an hour and a half later when I finished my essay, I got into bed and went more or less straight to sleep.

The next day me, Justine and Emma all walked up to school together. We have to walk quite far as we all live on the outer edge of the village and the school I go to (Harrison's Girl's secondary school) so we always have plenty of time to chat, most of the time about school and boys! We chatted about our uniform on this particular morning, and how much we wished we had a simpler one. We have to wear black skirts, flesh colour tights, no socks, black slip on shoes with no toggles or bobbles on them (they must be plain black) and heals no higher than three and a half inches, white school shirts with round white buttons all the way down, everyone buttoned up with full length sleeves, a maroon and green diagonal striped tie and a black blazer with the school logo on it (a maroon and green H with the school name written with white across the front of it). We must have the school's rucksacks which are

black with the school logo printed on them, no coat (unless you have a note from either of your REAL parents or your teacher has given you permission to wear one) and no jewellery (except if your parents sign you a note saying you must keep them a body ring of any sort in for a certain period of time to heal) and definitely no tattoos! How boring! There's a normal school down the street, a mixed school, that's uniform is so simple. Black shoes or trainers, black trousers, yellow polo shirt and a green jumper. The rest is up to you! But of course, mum and dad thought that school was too common and wouldn't teach me enough so I was sent to Harrison's. Boring!

When we arrived at school we were slightly late. This doesn't happen often, but today I was in such a bad mood about the entire babysitting lark I just really couldn't be bothered to walk fast. Me, Justine and Emma barged in the hall half the way through the Y7 assembly, walked straight through without a care in the world and headed for our form room, which was right at the top of the maths tower. Mrs Bane's room! Ewwww! Just her name makes me shudder! She's so strict she makes the board ruler shiver with fear when she walks in the room! Well, maybe she's not that bad but she certainly does come quite close.

"Why are you late?" she asked angrily as we walked in.

"It was all my fault miss, I over laid and when Justine and Katie called for me I wasn't quite ready and made them wait so don't punish them punish me!" Emma cried, taking the blame as usual. She's

sweet, is Emma, but takes the blame far too often. Most people would lie to make sure they didn't get the blame, but Emma's totally the opposite way round! I love her, bless her!

"Ok, very well, you can half a half hour detention with myself tomorrow night straight after school. I'll be in the learning support room so come straight to me after the three o'clock bell has gone, won't you?"

"Ok miss. Sorry!" Emma said, and she sat down with Justine and me again. Justine gave her the world's dirtiest look. Justine's like that, while Emma's all kind and gentle, Justine's more rough and common. She's a bit of a tomboy really, but she has her uses. Like last year, I got threatened by a year ten because I fell out with her little sister and Justine went up to her and all of a sudden the girl in year ten went all shaky and ran off!

Geography, period three, came.

"Right, girls. I want you to get out your essays and pass them forward to Katie Riley, thank you!" Mr Honey said. He smiled at me, and I gave him a rather blank expression. Usually he hates my guts; today he was being all nicey nicey to me. What was wrong with him? I found out soon enough though. Apparently my last essay was the best in the class; well this essay certainly wasn't going to be. Mine was one and a half pages long; everyone else's was at least three pages long. I was in BIG trouble!

Tuesday night came.

"Ok, Katie. There are four bottles of milk in the fridge, you know where the nappies are kept and I've already bathed Ellie and put her to bed. Just

send Matt to bed at nine o'clock and make sure you're in bed yourself for half past ten. Ok?" Mum said as she kissed Matthew good-bye.

"Ok. Is it ok if Emma and Justine come over later? Except I already asked them!" I replied.

"I suppose so. Just make sure you clear up any mess you leave. Ok?"

"Fine! Just go!"

Mum kissed me on the cheek and followed dad to his new car, a Mercedes.

At half past eight the doorbell rang. I answered it. Not only were Justine and Emma stood there, but about two boys and two other girls out of my class. Danny, Liam, Nikki and Sarah were all stood there in the freezing cold behind Justine and Emma, who were holding two bottles of wine each.

"Alcohol? I can't have alcohol in the house while I'm babysitting! Or all those. Get them all away at once!" I yelled angrily.

"Oh come on, Katie, cheer up!" Justine blurted out. She already looked and sounded drunk, so I don't know why she was there with two bottles of wine.

"No! I said no!" I yelled. I slammed the door on them. I heard them all kicking the door and shouting, "Let us in" at the tops of their voices, obviously they were all drunk, but I ignored them. I was upstairs putting Matthew to bed when I heard a crash like glass shattering. I hurried downstairs to see what had happened. The kitchen window had been smashed with a brick with a note attached to it. I picked up the brick and read the note. In letters, which looked like they had been cut out of magazines and newspapers, the note said:

U R IN BIG TROUBLE

I was terrified. I felt a sudden blast of fear shoot down my spine and through my legs. Shaking, I stepped back and quickly ran up the stairs and into my attic bedroom. I opened my wardrobe and pulled out my blanket and the medallion I found the other day. I wrapped myself in the blanket and curled up on my bed. I clutched the medallion in both my hands and held it tightly against my chest. It's ok, I told myself over and over again in my head. I knew who had thrown the brick, it was Justine and Emma and their mates, but I had no idea why I was so scared of them. I mean, what else could they do to the house?

It seemed I had spoke too soon. There was another crash, and suddenly the hallway lit up. I ran down the attic stairs and onto the landing. The downstairs hallway was in flames. I coughed as the black smoke tickled the back of my lungs. I was terrified. But suddenly I forgot all about my fear and rushed into Matt's room. I could hear Ellie screaming her eyes out, and I had to get to her quick, so I shook Matthew and hit him and screamed at him until he woke up.

"Matt! There's a fire wake up!" I yelled. He got up faster than a bullet shooting out of a pistol and ran into the hallway.

"Go up to my room and use my mobile to ring 999 an hurry!" Added. I battled past the dark smoke to Ellie's nursery, where Ellie was screaming her eyes out. I picked her up and buried her cricket ball

head into my chest. I ran up to the attic holding her and slammed the door behind me.

"Matthew, get all my clothes out of my wardrobe and the blanket off of my bed and put it against the gap under the door to stop the smoke getting in!" I ordered Matthew. He threw open my wardrobe doors and yanked all my clothes off of the hangers and placed them against the gap under the attic door. I laid Ellie on my bed, took my desk chair and threw it at the window. The window smashed and glass shattered all over the roof.

"Watch Ellie!" I yelled at Matthew. I put my quilt cover over the broken glass on the window pane and hung as far out of the window as I could. I started screaming for help.

"Help us! Help us! FIRE!!!" I yelled. There were loads of my neighbours on the street staring helplessly up at me. I waved my arms around and screamed my head off. Soon, the fire engine came roaring down the street with its sirens blaring out and its lights glowing in the night. By which time, the flames were at the top of the attic stairs. I could hear the fire hissing and crackling, and I could also hear the firemen yelling, "We're coming! Hang in their kids!" I was still hanging out of the window. I stared down the street and saw the backs of Justine and her little gang hobbling away, laughing and joking. Suddenly, the door flew open and about four firemen barged in. One took Ellie, the second scooped up Matt who was only just conscious and a third lifted me off of my feet and took me downstairs. I was coughing and spluttering so much my throat felt like I had just swallowed a

load of barbed wire, and the taste in my mouth was like BBQ Burnt sausages. All I could see were orange and red flickering flames and black smoke. I could hear the ringing of the fire alarm and the hissing of the angry flames roaring up at me. It was like I was being punished. But for what? All I did that I could see as slightly wrong was turn my drunken friends away while I was babysitting. That's not bad, is it? That's not a crime. I just wanted to protect my little brother and sister, but maybe they would have been safe anyway. When I finally got outside I was sat in the ambulance and wrapped in a foil blanket. The paramedic gave me an oxygen mask. I looked into the other ambulance, which was opposite mine, Ellie and Matt were in there. I couldn't let them go in an ambulance by themselves! I rose to my feet and dove out of the back of the ambulance. I ran as fast as I could across to the other ambulance where Matt was sitting down wrapped in a foil blanket and breathing through an oxygen mask and paramedics surrounded Ellie. What was wrong?

"What's wrong with her? She's not dead! She can't be! She's my little sister!" I yelled angrily. The paramedics looked at me and one of them dragged me out of the ambulance, and then shut the doors behind me. I threw myself to the floor, knelt down, then curled up in a ball and broke into tears. What was wrong? I was her big sister, for god's sake, why wouldn't they let me be with her? As the ambulance drove off I felt a hand on my shoulder. A woman, about twenty years old, dressed in a paramedics uniform, hugged me.

"Don't worry. I'm sure your sister will be fine. Now are you going to let me take you to the hospital?" she said warmly. I got up and wiped my eyes. The paramedic escorted me to the ambulance and drove off.

"I'm Kerry, by the way. What's your name?" asked the paramedic.

"Katie. That baby in the other ambulance is my little sister, Ellie. She's almost a month old. And that boy was my little brother, Matthew. He's six. I was babysitting them while my parents went to my aunt's birthday party when my best friends came round with a few other kids. They were drunk and had alcohol in their hands and wanted to come in so I said no and they smashed my window with a brick and a note attached saying you are in trouble and..." I said. I was getting faster and faster, panicking.

"Slow down, everything's going to be fine. Your parents are on the way to the hospital in their car. Do you know what started the fire?" Kelly asked. I shook my head and took the medallion out of my pocket.

"What's that?" she asked me smiling.

"I don't know. Some sort of medallion. I found it the other day when I was getting mum a nappy out of the airing cupboard. I think it belongs to dad but I'm not sure."

"It's beautiful!" I handed Kelly the medallion, and she rubbed it with her sleeve.

When we got to the hospital, I was taken to a cubical where I laid for a while and stared at the ceiling, before falling asleep.

When I awoke, my mum was by my side. She smiled.

"The police have decided it was arson. Justine and Emma have confessed, but the others have denied all charges and have been let go. If the court case proves them guilty, Justine and Emma are looking at ten years at the least. Are you sure you don't want to drop charges?" she asked me. A tear of terror dripped down my cheek.

"I'm not dropping charges, she almost killed Ellie," I told her. She smiled blankly and squeezed my hand.

"Ellie did die, love," She said. I burst out crying.

"It's all my fault!" I cried. "It's all my fault!!!"

"You mustn't think that. It was Emma and Justine's fault. Rebecca is coming to see you later with Aunt Rachel."

"Good. When can I go home?"

"Tomorrow hopefully. Look, about Ellie, we're all very upset but nobody's blaming you. The trial's in three weeks and will last a week at the most. It's simple, as they've both confessed, so it won't last as long as usual."

When the court case arrived I was so nervous.

Matthew went to his friends to stay and mum, dad and me had to go to the courtroom.

I cried almost all the way through the trial. I couldn't believe I was being whiteness against my two best friends. At the end of it, they were sentenced to twelve years, too long if you ask me, but I was glad that it was all over.

At home everything began to get back to normal, and mum had another baby, well, twins actually. A boy and a girl, Nathan and Leah, but they will never replace Ellie.

One thing I learnt from all this was you can't trust

anybody, and I have decided not to touch alcohol until I am eighteen, which is reasonable. I lost my little sister through upsetting a gang of kids my age under the influence of alcohol, and I hope this never happens to anything ever again. And the medallion turned out to be something my grandfather won when he was ten and passed onto my dad, so now my dad passed it onto Matthew, as it's something that's going to be handed down to all the males in the family. Like a throne and a crown in the royal family!

Going to work

Melody Utley

"I'll meet you in the office," said Sue. It was already noon on Sue's first day at work. She had been fine until Stuart had spilt coffee all over her. Since then things had gone totally wrong for her. Sue worked at a bank. She was ready for big trouble, if her bad luck was to continue.

An old lady had put £10,000 in the bank, that was meant to go in the safe.

"Thank you, I'll put this somewhere safe" Sue answered.

. Sue mistakenly put it in the manager's own safe.

Sue was going on holiday tomorrow to Florida, with her family. Ian was her husband, Hannah and Jade, her twin Daughters at 16 years of age.

They had to be at the airport for four in the morning. Things at the airport all ran smoothly; no time delays, (which encouraged them to carry on coming early when going abroad)

Seven hours later, they were there. They collected all their stuff and set off to find the hotel they were staying at.

" Look! Over there a 'family for 4 dinner ticket'" exclaimed Hannah.

" Yeh, and it says free dinner at Mc Donald's" Jade said.

" Well I would have expected a more luxurious place. Anyway, the restaurant is only across the road," Ian announced.

However the restaurant across the road was Mic

Donald's. So across the road they went to the restaurant, even though they didn't realise it was the wrong restaurant. What a surprise was coming when they found out they were going to the wrong restaurant.

Ian, Sue, Hannah and Jade all sat down and Sue ordered a chicken premier, Ian had a big mic and Hannah and Jade had a burger mic meal.

It was only when they came to paying the waiter that they found out they had gone to the wrong restaurant.

So they paid the waiter \$30 out of the \$150 that was their spending money.

During the next six days, they lost \$110, so they were left with only \$10.

"What a yawn holiday this has been" pronounced Ian.

True they sighed back.

"Well today is the day we go home" said Sue.

They packed up their stuff and set off to the airport. What a nightmare it was getting parked and giving back the car which they had borrowed

Finally they gave their luggage in to be transported to the plane.

They just had enough money for a drink each and a pack of crisps. They got on the plane and it shot off. When they were high in the sky...

"LOOK," squealed Hannah " you can see the two towers that got knocked down in New York"

Seven hours passed, they saw England and the plane landed.

They got off the plane collected their belongings

and set off home.

"What a yawn holiday it has been" told Sue.

"You bet," agreed Jade.

The night went by Sue went back to work.

"Hi Sue how was your holiday" chuckled Stuart.

IT WAS MURDER!

The craziest day ever

Heather Stotton [11]

Dedicated to Laura Watson

The best friend ever (and gossip)

Hannah was a girl who just loved to watch quiz shows and was always sending off application forms. Well, finally she got her chance to answer all of those pot luck questions fired at her by those bright eyed hosts on Trivia Time Junior on channel 3. It was her absolute favourite and she never missed it. She was so excited because it was in London and she'd never been to London even though her grandma lived there.

"Well there you are then the chance you've been waiting for love" her mother said grinning from ear to ear.

"Wow at last I've got my dream". She said. Hannah just couldn't believe it

; she was going to be on TV.

"Mum I'm gonna pack my bags"

"Don't get too excited Hannah, don't forget that there are lots of rounds to get through"

"I know that mum, but I will get past them all I just know I will" Hannah got a bit too excited she seemed to think she knew all the questions. "I'm gonna be on TV, I'm gonna be on TV" she sung as she threw her clothes into the bag.

All the way on the train Hannah could feel the butterflies having their own little party in her stomach. Her mum had to hold her hand because she was trembling so badly. She went to the toilet 17 times in the first hour.

When the train got to the station Hannah was exhausted and went straight to her hotel room while her mum, dad and sister marvelled at the 5 star hotel. Hannah ran up to her room, the size of all the bedrooms at her house together. She pounced on the king-size bed and immediately fell to sleep.

When she woke it was dark. She could hear a sound like a motor trying to start so she knew her sister Karen was asleep. She could recognise that snore anywhere. She felt a little peckish. Okay, maybe I'm lying. She was absolutely famished. She had a drink of water but it made no difference whatsoever. She knew she wasn't allowed out of her room but she was so hungry she thought she was going to collapse. She crept towards the door and slowly opened the door. Karen moved around and grunted. Hannah giggled. She crept along the corridor and down two flights of stairs.

She was trembling all over. She could hear somebody walking on the floor above and it was making a loud creaking sound. Hannah wasn't concentrating on going down the stairs and ended up tripping over herself and rolling down 32 steps. "What did you think you were doing, waking half the hotel up like that" nagged Sally who was of course Hannah's mum. They were eating their breakfast the morning after Hannah's little incident. She had woken up three floors of the hotel after she had 'flung' herself down the stairs as her mum said. She had a blinding headache and a fat lip but she was determined to go on her dream game show 'trivia time junior'. Her mum and dad

were nagging about how rude she'd been and Karen was chatting up a waiter but Hannah was dreaming about taking home that wonderful prize.

"The sets great, the cameramen are cute and everything is FREE" cheered Karen.

" Stop yelling" Hannah whispered, "They're trying to film."

" Sorry" moaned kaz (her nickname for Karen) sarcastically " But now we're here at the studio I think it's time we had some fun."

"Quiet fun then"

They walked down the long corridors with walls plastered in pictures of presenters, past and present. When they reached the dressing room labelled 'Trivia Time Junior- contestant 3', they walked inside.

Inside it smelt of nail varnish, old tea bags and hair spray. There was a woman inside who was as thin as an umbrella stand. She had nails like cats claws and had about three lipsticks smothered all over her lips.

"So are you the gorgeous little girl I get to turn into a lovely lady" she cooed in a voice as sickly as a sugar lump dipped in treacle.

When Hannah had escaped the horror of the lady and the lip-gloss and picked her outfit from wardrobe she had to face the horror of REHEARSAL. She could see the other five contestants shivering like a leaf in a tornado. The butterflies in her stomach seemed to be bungee jumping now.

"Hannah Watson" a voice yelled. She swivelled her

head round to see the stage director pointing to her stand. Here goes rehearsal, Hannah whispered to herself.

After 3 hours of rehearsal which contained trips, ripped clothes and nose bleeds it was finally time for the real thing. Hannah walked slowly over to her stand. She could see her mum and dad waving to her in the audience. Suddenly the studio went dark and the theme music began as the host ran on stage.

"You were brilliant," cheered Hannah's mum. Hannah had won but only because the other contestants were even thicker than two short planks. She had enjoyed herself immensely and knew that everything had been worth her while.

"Just one last thing" exclaimed Kaz," what was the prize?

"A years supply of chocolate "said Hannah grinning" and of course to come on the show for the final
OH NO....

A Cat's Life

Tom Whitehead [11]

Hi I am a tabby cat named Fluffy who lives with a caring family. The 9-year-old only child daughter Lizzy is walking towards me and strokes me the wrong way, but it does not bother me. She is quite small for a nine-year-old, with long ginger hair. She first saw me at a pet rescue centre because my old owners didn't give me enough food and treated me like I was some sort of rag doll, then they moved house and locked me in. People heard meowing noises and phoned the pet rescue centre. Luckily they got me out just before I passed away. Then Lizzy saw me at the Pet Rescue Centre and fell in love with me. Now I live peacefully with them and now I am used to Lizzy's soft backward stroke.

I know,
tonight I will go for a walk. I've had a good sleep and feed this afternoon. Ah, its really dark outside, lets go. Hey, things look weird around here, that tree seems to be purple, everything's going blurred, where am I, I don't like this place, I've got to get out of here. I am just crossing the road to get to my favourite place, the wood. I've had lots of adventures in here, some of them I'd rather forget and some have been really dangerous. One day I was prowling around in the daytime and I spotted a squirrel. I chased it and it ran up a tree so I followed, but then I couldn't get down! I was stuck up there ages until a man who was walking his dog saw me and helped me get down. I won't be doing that again in a hurry!

I know I'll go to the stream, there's usually something going on there. I can hear the water so I know that I am close to it. Wait, what's that?

As I thought, it's a mouse, off I go!

Oh no, the thing I hate most, I've fallen in the water and lost the mouse, it's a good job it's not too deep. I know, I'll shake it off, brrrrrrrr!

That's better, I think I might go home now, I've had enough for one night. I'm just making my way to the edge of the wood, through the gap in the fence and onto the path.

What's that noise? Snuffling and rustling, oh I know, it's a hedgehog. That's something that I keep well away from, too many prickly spikes for me.

On I go crossing the road, watching out for the cars, I have to be really careful. Safely across, and I think I can hear another noise, oh no, I know what that is. Yes I can see him, the dog from next door, he chases me whenever he gets the chance. Can I keep out of his way?

No, he's seen me, off I go round the corner with him barking and growling behind me. I know, I'll trick him into banging his head, wait for it. Here I go through this little gap in the fence. Yes that's done it, he's tried to get through and banged his head, it works every time! Now I'm peeping through the hole at him and as usual, he's barking like mad and all I'm doing is laughing.

Oh no, people are starting to come out to see what all the noise is about, I'd better get out of here.

Ah, I'm home again, there's Lizzy, I'll go over to her. She's noticed me, good. She's coming over to

me. I like it when she talks baby talk. Right she's said it's time for my favourite breakfast food Brekkies! Mmmmm! This is really tasty! Hey Lizzy's sat on the sofa, I'll go sit with her. Mmm, this is comfy, I think I'll just cuddle up now, I've had enough for one night and this is so comfortable. Goodnight.

Lilly's Life

Lydia Wraw [11]

Monday 21st January

I can't believe where I've been. I've been in my Dads study - somewhere I should totally not go in, but I had to be there. I was looking for my Mums address, my Dad and her split up and I've never met her. He said she left when I was two. I can't remember her. He told me she lives in America in NEW YORK, I think. I got a letter from her once she said she was getting married. I wanted to go but I couldn't afford it. I didn't want to ask dad I knew he would say no. I want to write but I don't know her address.

Suddenly I heard my dad coming across the hall! I had no idea what to do. I grabbed a piece of paper and a pen and ran into the store cupboard. "Lily where are you I have some important news for you." He walked back out of the study. I crept out of the store cupboard and ran to my room. "Lily where are you?" I threw the pen and paper onto my desk and opened the door. "I'm here dad," I said. "There you are, your mum has called and we've decided to let you visit her, she's been saving up her money that she gets from work and now she's married she has enough money for you to visit her in the holiday for 3 weeks and then I have you back the last 3, isn't that great, Lilly, wouldn't you like that!" "Yes dad that would be great dad, thank you so much for being so understanding." I couldn't believe what I was hearing!

I couldn't wait to tell all my friends, but the

problem was, I had no friends to tell. Oh well!

Tuesday 22nd January

Today was awful! At school Mandy was so stuck up, Joe took my lunch and I got detention! Now I've just come home to find a total stranger kissing my dad! YUCK!!!! I've locked myself in my room and smudged my mascara because I'm crying. Who was that woman? My dad's banging on the door now and telling me to come out. He can shout all he wants I'm not coming out.

Tuesday 22nd January - later

I came out, after about an hour of my dad's banging I came out. The woman's name is Clare and she's horrible! When I came down she smiled and said "What a lovely daughter you have, Dr Denoca, she looks as great as you." My dad smiled, and when he looked away Clare scowled at me, I stuck my tongue out and dad saw. He went into the living room with me and whispered in a serious voice " Lily for a girl of thirteen, I think it is extremely childish for her to stick her tongue out at a descent and respectable lady." I apologized to both of them and ran up to my room, I am SO Cross!!!!

Wednesday 23rd January

Right this is it, I have decided my life is a total mess!!!! I mean isn't it enough to have divorced parents, be friendless AND have a woman cheating on your dad??? The answers NO. I have to have a brother that they forgot to tell me about! His name is Lee and he's 15! Fifteen year olds are always

difficult, my mum and dad had him before me, so my mum took Lee and dad took me. I'm going to meet him when I see mum, which is a week away.
HELP!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I can't do this.

Tuesday 29th January

I've decided to turn over a new leaf and be cooler, here goes. HELP ME!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Please?

Wednesday 30th January

Did I ever tell you I was airsick? I am and I think I'm going to puke all over this book so I'm going to stop writing now.

Thursday 31st January

OK it wasn't that bad, my mum was very nice and at first I couldn't believe it was her. She had beautiful long blonde hair and sea blue eyes, her figure was great! I tried to hide behind a plant, I thought she'd be disappointed with my plain brown hair and eyes; my figure had no nice curves.

Finally she found me "Trying to hide from me?" she joked, "Come on, silly!" she was SO nice!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Sadly, when I got to my mums flat Lee was awful! "Look what the dog dragged in!" he laughed and threw himself on the sofa. "Lee, behave yourself!" "Sorry, Mum." Lee looked like mum with his great eyes, smooth hair and curved figure. Lee's attitude was no way as nice as his looks.

"So who's she?" I couldn't believe he didn't know who I was!!!! Mum looked around but kept quiet. "Lilly's your sister." A voice from the doorway broke the silence. A tall, dark, handsome man walked in to

the room with a strange smile on his tanned face. "What sister?! I'm an only child, get her out! OUT!!!" Lee started to panic, he snatched my arm and yanked me towards the balcony, "Lee, no!" Mum grabbed Lee around the waist and pulled him back dragging me along the floor with him. The mysterious man picked Lee up (which was amazing because Lee was nearly as tall as him!) Then carried him out of the room.

"I want to go home!!!" I wailed. "No, please don't go!" mum looked really upset and started to cry. "Lee isn't normally like this! He'll be fine tomorrow, just wait. He'll come round, I promise."

Friday 1st February

Today was SO much better I decided to stay; the man that rescued Lee from himself is my mum's boyfriend, Tim. He's a bit weird but very nice. Lee was so friendly and wanted to know all about me. This is how our conversation went this morning: "Hi Lilly, sorry about yesterday I guess I just freaked! I hope we can still be friends." "Err, OK, it's no big deal." I'm a bit shocked at this point; I mean this is the guy that attacked me! "No really, I am truly sorry." He really meant it.

We get on really well now, just one day, quick I know!

Tuesday 5th February

I've decided I staying in America, it's so much better hear. I have a whole family: my dad, Tim, my mum and Lee. I'm about to phone my dad, wish me luck!!!

Wednesday 6th February

Dad went mad! He said I couldn't, he said awful things about mum and Tim. Now I'm sure I'm not going back! In the end he gave in (after an hour of ranting and raving). I'm staying here!! YES!!!

Wednesday 13th February

I've been to see my school, it's great! Miss Heartley (my new, nice teacher) said there was a girl called Tasha who didn't have a best friend, I met Tasha and we're BEST friends. She's coming over tonight to talk about how nice my new school is. I going to stop writing in this book, I only used it as a best friend but now my best friend is Tasha and my life is great!

Also to make things even better dad said he's found a job in New York and I can visit him every weekend!

Goodbye diary, I don't need you anymore.

Untitled

Jessica Roberts [10]

"I don't want to go, it's dangerous"

"Don't be an idiot Sam, you scared little imp"

"But it's dangerous."

Sam, Alex and Tom had just reached the power plant. As usual Sam had stood up and told them the right way, but the other two had just ignored him.

"I have a bad feeling about this"

Sam muttered under his breath so as not to let the others hear him.

"Don't go! There's something that's going to be in a power plant that can hurt you stupid boys!

But Alex and Tom began to climb over the high, metal railings and over into the power plant. Sam sighed; he really didn't want to follow them.

"Come on, Sam, don't be such a scared little imp!"

Alex called from inside. Sam knew it was wrong, and he knew he could say no and go back home by himself and leave Alex and Tom to do what they wanted to do, but he didn't want to seem afraid in front of his friends, so he did it. He began to climb over the top of the railings. When he reached the other side of the fencing, he looked around. Alex and Tom had disappeared!

"Oh great! Just great!"

Sam cried. He began to walk through the power plant, dodging the pylons and the wires as he went. He was quite afraid; as for all his life his mother had told him.

"Never go in the power plant, Samuel. You might not come out alive!"

That phrase kept on buzzing inside Sam's head. It repeated itself over and over and over again.

"Never go in the power plant, you might not come out alive! Never go in the power plant, you might not come out alive!"

Sam was terrified. He looked around every corner, in search of his friends. But he couldn't find them anywhere. Then all of a sudden four huge great snarling dogs appeared from thin air. Sam had nowhere to run and his friends had disappeared so they couldn't save him. He was all alone and so afraid that he didn't dare move. He glanced back at the dogs for a split second and realised there was a gate behind them. But if he did manage to get through the gates, he was still a long way from home. He really wanted to go home but he had no choice he had to go into the power plant. Sam ran away from the dogs just in time because they didn't see him run off. He ran into the power plant. There were his friends playing on a metal bar. Sam managed to talk the others into going home.

Dear Diary

Jessica Waring [10]

Saturday 16th of February 2002

Dear Diary

I know I shouldn't have been there but I had a good reason! Whatever I did there was always something wrong with it, so I went there to be alone and get rid of mum's planner!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

"Lucy? Lucy?"

Oh no I could hear my mum looking for me. She'd been getting really stressed lately and I think that's probably why everything I do is wrong. My mum is so uptight with her new job she has a new planner and it's driving her insane, especially the night shifts. Gosh I don't even want to talk about what she's like after those. Anyway back to me.

My mum said,

"Come with me we're going shopping that's what it says we have to do today."

Who says?

"My planner you silly girl," said mum.

I'm trying to get that stupid planner off her.

"Fine don't come with me." Mum said.

"I won't!" I cried.

I looked around me. Mum's room was so different since she began her new job. Before it was all messy. The bed was hardly ever made (except for when she changed the sheets), her magazines and books were always all over, her clothes were always on the bed or thrown over her chair, her dressing table was always covered in makeup and hairspray or hair moose, her shoes were

always on the floor and her hairdryer was never in the drawer, where it belongs. Now everything is all neat and tidy and put away in the correct draws. Her makeup was all in one bag, her clothes were folded and put away into drawers or hung up neatly in the wardrobe, she had new bed sheets on every day and there was never a crease in them! Everything had changed. She'd even bought a bookcase for her millions of books! I wasn't convinced this job was what she wanted. Before she got it, she was so looking forward to starting it, convinced it would make our lives come back together. Since dad left, mum had thought that she wasn't making me happy enough. But she was! She was doing everything perfectly for me. Wait a minute, I bet that is making her stressed along with that new planner. I must tell her that she is doing every thing right for me.

Friday 26th February 2002

Mum is fine. After I told her she was doing everything, fine for me she just started to be relaxed again. I asked mum if she would be not as "planned"!

Guess what! Mum even started to take me to Meadowhall for soda and McDonalds again in the Lanes.

Truth or Dare

Hannah Elizabeth Utley [12]

On the way to school on the morning of the 12th of September, 1998, I met my friends as normal. At that time, the game of truth or dare was in fashion, so we started to play as we walked along. My mates and I always agreed that when we played, the dares would never be dangerous or get you into trouble.

It was all going fine until a boy from our form saw us and asked what we were doing. We told him and he started to join in, but we forgot to tell him our rules. When it was his turn to choose somebody, he picked me, and it was a double dare, which meant that I had to do the dare he picked or I would get the title 'scaredy cat'. If that happened I would be ruined! Me, the most popular girl in school, with the title scaredy cat? I don't think so!

But little did I know, that even if I did do the dare I would be doomed; I didn't know at that time it would land me detention every night for the next 6 months, if I did I wouldn't have done it!

The actual dare was to go into the head's office at break, rummage around, take something that he would notice missing and then leave. It sounded easy, so I decided to do it, (to avoid the awaiting title.) That same day at break, when the head had gone to the teachers lounge to have a drink, I got all my mates to stand near by and cover for me while I sneaked into the office. It was one of the most nerve-racking things I'd ever done in my life. When I got in there, I was amazed, it was so tidy, every single thing had a place. There were

no papers scattered on the desk, they were all in ring binders or holders. All the books were on the shelves in alphabetical order, not even a pen was out of place they were all in pots on the desk! The only things that were on the desk were the things that had been confiscated, there was a mobile phone, a gameboy and an eye shadow set, but that was it. I started looking around for something to pinch, I scanned all around the room but I couldn't see anything. Unfortunately the desk drawers were locked, but there was a cupboard on the wall. I slowly walked towards it and pulled open the door, the inside was a lot messier than the rest of the room, this probably meant that it was frequently used which was good, because if I nicked something out of there he would notice it was missing. Inside the cupboard was a picture of the head's family, some papers and a mark book, but best of all there was a small solid gold pocket watch. I picked it up, it was quite heavy, it had a cream coloured face and intricate black hands; that would do nicely I thought to myself, so I put it in my pocket closed the cupboard and sneaked away. On my exit I noticed some test scores of people in our form written on a little piece of paper pinned on a notice board by the door. It read:

Sharon Mills-27/50
Ruth Plant-22/50
Tamara Edwards-42/50
Linda Brown-35/50
David Winstone-39/50
Lee Barker-45/50
Will Thomson-42/50

Maddi Wilson (me)-46/50

Anna Cooke-49/50

Jamie Taylor-41/50

At the bottom of the list it said in block capitals 'ONLY COPY, TAKE CARE!' What a shame if this one copy should happen to get lost I said quietly to myself? I ripped the paper off the notice board and shoved it in my pocket quickly, putting the pocket watch back in the cupboard on my way out; this was better than any stupid watch I thought.

As soon as I was out, I flashed the piece of paper in front of my mates faces then read what marks everyone had got. They didn't seem as excited as me about what I had nicked, but then I read out the score of the brainiest girl in our form, Ruth Plant 22 out of 50, the lowest on the paper. This could cause some real damage if it got out I said. I whispered to my mates a secret plan I'd just thought up and told them to pass it on, suddenly we went into action, we all split up and ran in different directions shouting 'Ruth Plant got 22 out of 50 on the half term test!' My plan had worked, now everyone in school knew Ruth's score apart from her, because she was off!

The next day when Ruth came back everyone was talking about her behind her back. I approached her carefully, showed her the paper and told her the news, she was devastated, a smug feeling came over me and a smile appeared on my face, I had beat her for once. I bounced away and told my mates her reaction, so far the dare had been a success, but it was about to turn for the worse. I had left the paper flat out on the table for

everyone to see, when to my horror the head walked in. His eyes were drawn to my desk and then he focused on the paper, he stormed up to me and told me to get to his office immediately.

I was waiting in his office for a few minutes before he entered. He told me to sit down, then he started throwing questions at me like 'where did you get that paper from? And why have you got it? I exclaimed, 'I found it on the floor in the corridor, so I picked it up and I was going to give it back to you, but I haven't had chance to find you'. Then he shouted, ' don't lie to me young lady, I know someone came in here, because they left the cupboard door open, and I think it was you, those were very important marks and they were not to be seen by your or anybody else's eyes.' Suddenly I burst out crying and started explaining how it all started. The head was listening carefully, then he said, ' well I hope you have learned your lesson; never, ever accept a dare, no matter about the consequences. Now give me the paper back and go and apologise to Ruth, she is very upset.' I walked away and I just got to the door when the Head called, 'Oh, and that will be 6 months detention every night of the week for one hour, that should teach you not to do something as stupid ever again.

And that's how it happened, 6 months detention from one dare, I will never play truth or dare ever again, (and I have put it in writing to remind myself!)

The Pixie and I

Elizabeth Edley [11]

I WALKED DOWN THE CORRIDOR AND I SAW SOMETHING I'D NEVER SEEN BEFORE .I WENT THROUGH THE DOOR AND THERE IT WAS IT WAS AMAZING .I PRESSED THE BUTTON AND I WENT INTO A DIFFERENT LAND .A VIOCE CALLED FROM BEHIND ME.

"Follow me!" it said. I looked all around me, but I couldn't see a thing.

"I'm over here!" The voice said again. I looked around again, but still I could see nothing. All I could see were fields, millions of trees; beautiful little flowers of every colour imaginable and, in the distance, what looked like a castle.

"I'm over here, by the apple tree! In front of you!" The voice said even louder. It was quite a squeaky little voice, the kind of voice you'd imagine a fairy to have. I zoomed my eyes over to the apple tree that stood before me. There, sat on the top of one of the shining red apples, was a little pixie. She was a beautiful little thing! She was extremely small, with quite long legs, milky white skin, pointed ears, tangy green eyes and long, straight ginger hair. She was wearing a tiny light green ballet tutu, dark green tights and tiny green shoes with a frilly edge to them. She was sat with her legs crossed, holding some type of wand in her hand, which she held in the air. She told me to climb to the very top of the tree.

I said, "Why do you want me to climb this tree?" She replied, "Well you see there is something up

there that I've been meaning to get, but I'm just not tall enough."

So I climbed to the very, very top of the tree. The only problem was that my legs were trembling and my body was shaking. The most beautiful jewel was perched on the top of the tallest branch. I carefully climbed down the oak tree. The pixie was overwhelmed she didn't know how to thank me. I told her she didn't have to thank me, but she insisted that she would return me to my rightful place. I agreed and within a second I was back in the gloomy old corridor. But from that day forward my life was never the same.

No ordinary day

Rebecca Summerfield [10]

It was an ordinary school day and I was doing English. I was halfway through understanding commas when my ink cartridge ran out. I jumped out of my seat and made my way down the corridor towards the head teacher's office. Slowly, I knocked on the door but there was no answer. It wouldn't do any harm to look, so, without thinking, I slipped inside silently and shut the door behind me, hoping nobody would notice.

In there I found the results to the maths exam I had taken two weeks ago. I thought to myself that I could just have a look at what my score was. I slowly started searching through the papers. Eighty three percent. Not bad if you ask me. I saw all the answers, but couldn't remember them so I took the actual sheet. I glanced over at the old wooden desk and saw confiscated mobile phones and game-boys. Then I decided I should look for the ink cartridge, but as I reached for the desk drawer, I heard a creaking sound and the door opened. The head teacher was a tall, thin man with beady blue eyes. Every day his suit looked the same. It was as if he never changed.

"What are you doing in here?" he enquired.

"I...erm..." I mumbled, while pushing the test scores into my pocket.

"I came in for an ink cartridge, but... but you weren't here." I waited for an answer.

"Ok then, top drawer." I pulled open the drawer and tried to ignore everything else in it.

"Off you go then, back to class," he said with a curious look on his face. As I ran up the corridor, I wiped my brow and gasped, "Phew!"

A few days had past until I remembered I had the test scores in my drawer. I kept them well hidden. Near the end of that day the head teacher called us into an Assembly.

"Someone has taken the test results to the maths exam, and if no one will own up then you will have to take the test again," he announced. I went bright red but then just acted like all the other children. I wasn't going to take the test again so I had to put them back.

The next morning the head teacher was off on a conference for the first part of the morning. This was the perfect time to put them back. During break-time I slipped inside and along the corridor. It was quite inside and all I could hear was muffled voices from the staff room. I did the same as before except this time I didn't knock. The desk drawer was partly open. I had the papers still clutched in my hands. The bell rang sharply. I pushed the papers in as they were, trying hard not to crease them. I had to wait for the teachers to go back out the staff room before I could leave. Nobody looked suspiciously at me as I left and if anyone asked me I told him or her I needed the toilet.

Unusually we had an assembly at the end of the day. I sat there twiddling my thumbs and watching hopefully. The head teacher was back from the conference.

"I am sure you are pleased to hear that you will not be taking the test again as the test sheet has been returned to me," the head teacher announced. I let out a small cheer and punched the air as sighs of relief were heard from all over the hall.

The Rescue

Kerry Humphries [10]

Benjy and Beth were on holiday in the Isle of Wight. They went swimming every day. "You can't catch me!" Shouted Beth as she dashed into the sea, the waves nearly going over her head.

"I can!" Said Benjy, and he grabbed the rubber dinghy. They swam off, disturbing the sea's peace as they went. They got further out and began to get tired, so they tried to climb on the rocking dinghy. They fell off at once because it was too slippery. Benjy, who was the best at climbing, managed to pull himself on at last. Beth, with the help of Benjy, finally pulled herself on too.

They both lay back, enjoying the warmth of the hot sun beaming down on them. They dozed off. They lost all sense of time and it was long after that when they opened their eyes and looked out across the deserted sea. They started to panic as they realised the danger they were in. The waves were moving faster and the sun was low in the sky.

"Help! We're going to drown!" yelled Beth, shivering, as it turned cold. The sound echoed around and she jumped.

"Its no use!" moaned Benjy as Beth shouted for the third time. "Hey, hang on," he called. Beth looked down and saw that he was rummaging at the bottom of the large dinghy. After awhile he straightened up and showed Beth a half chewed pencil, a pop bottle, and a blue wrapper.

"I've got an idea," he said, scribbling a message on

the wrapper and stuffing it in the bottle. He wrote 'HELP' in big words on the pop bottle and threw it out to sea. "Now let's hope someone finds the bottle and comes to our rescue." He crossed his fingers and hugged Beth. Then they sat up straight and watched for a boat to come to their aid.

Meanwhile, a man sat on the deck of his boat watching the waves glumly. He suddenly leant over the side and fished out an old pop bottle with a wrapper inside. On it was the word 'HELP!' The man opened the bottle and examined the wrapper carefully. He found a message written on it. The message read, "We are trapped on a dinghy in the middle of the sea please help us". The man at once steered his boat around and started off in the other direction.

After a while he heard voices and saw a dinghy in the distance. He reached it and pulled the children aboard. He grinned at them and said, "When I was a lad I used to always get lost, but I got found in the end!" The man put towels around them and winked. "It was a good idea of yours to use a bottle!" He called, as they were moving. Beth said to Benjy "I'm never going on that dinghy again!" When the boat stopped, she turned and hopped off the boat towards the hotel, the waves crashing on the rocks and the moon making pools of liquid everywhere.

Terrible Torture

Naomi Atkinson [11]

"Oh but mum, I thought Jessie had had an accident in that old castle because I heard a scream."

"Don't be so rude Annie I've told you once and I'll tell you again you're grounded, you were not supposed to be in that dangerous castle and if I find you in there again you will be in great trouble."

"Right mum O.K I will never go there again but I"

"No buts young lady I just won't have this behaviour."

Annie was grounded. Everything bad always seemed to happen to her. It was just not fair!

She lived with her Mum and little sister Jessie in Castleton. Her Dad had died of throat cancer so they lived without a man in the house. Castleton was a great place to go exploring and Annie's favourite place for doing this was an old castle (which she wasn't supposed to go to) on top of Castleton's most famous hill, the hill of St Thomas.

Annie was lying on her bed when she realised something very odd, the scream that she had heard couldn't have been Jessie because Jessie had been at home all the time she'd been out. This came as a bit of a surprise to Annie and she flung herself so enthusiastically off the bed that she tripped over Cassie (The families Tortoiseshell cat) and landed face down on top of her model aeroplane, which had taken five days to build.

"Trust that to happen to me," she sighed as she started to pick up bits of broken aeroplane.

The next day Annie could not think straight.

That piercing scream kept buzzing in her head like a bee looking for honey in her brain. It had required two one-hour detentions too bring her soaring imaginations back to earth. By 7:30 that night Annie had made up her mind what she would do. She decided that it was her job to find out what made that ear splitting scream, but the problem was how was she going to do it without being grounded for the next SIXTY YEARS (exaggeration).

The next night Annie could not hold back any longer she silently crept down stairs after telling her mum she'd have an early night and slid through the back door after picking up her coat from the awaiting door handle.

Annie began to trudge along the newly tarmaced road, as she did so a sudden movement caught her eye. She looked up to see a figure wearing black dashing past her and running down a small alleyway that also lead to the hill of ST. Thomas and a few village houses. Annie thought he must live in one of the houses and completely threw away the idea of him being a burglar.

She was coming closer to the bottom of the hill when she suddenly noticed a small beam of light moving from side to side in one of the small windows in the old castle. Annie found this very curious considering no one ever went there.

Annie decided she'd go and investigate. As she steadily began to climb the steep hill, a far off sound caught her attention and she jumped, immediately recognising it for the scream that had brought her here tonight. Determinedly, she strode onwards with a little more fear than before.

Once she reached the tip of the hill, her footsteps became even quieter as she tried to make no sound. As Annie approached the castle, loud talking could be heard, which sounded like an extremely angry man. As Annie turned to go back home, realizing that she might be in great danger, a small waily voice like a child in acute pain spoke clearly above the angry shouting. This voice changed Annie's decision in a flash because it had said 'Please, please don't hit me. I'll do anything for a sip of water!'

Annie darted inside the torch lit castle and silently crept towards the voices, realizing vaguely that her torch was on. When suddenly the voices stopped and a hush was uttered from the man then a sharp demand. A tiny girl only around the age of four staggered to the doorway and stood there whimpering obviously trying to say something. Then a man with a black mask covering his face appeared at her side and stared at her with a thunderous look on his face. A sudden movement at his side and a glint of silver shining in the torchlight told Annie what to do. She grabbed the bony child by the waist, who must have only weighed about two stone and ran. She ran for her life down the dark and creepy corridor hearing the loud footsteps of the man behind her. All of a sudden, Annie tripped and fell to the floor with a bang. She rolled herself and the child into an alcove in the wall nearby and lay there as still and quiet as possible. The huge man ran past them, not noticing their still and motionless bodies and Annie began to breathe again. She was checking the child to see if she was all

right when an idea came to her. 'Hip, hip, hooray for modern inventions', Annie said to herself as at last her Nokia 3210 would come in handy. The first thing to do was to call the police. Annie knew how to do this because they had once done it at Crucial Crew. Then she called her Mum and Dad who rushed over there in no time. By the time the police had arrived and caught the cause of the small child's cuts and bruises, Annie was nearly asleep. The rest of the day's events, or rather the night's events, went very quickly indeed and in no time at all she was tucked up in bed with the small child in a camp bed next to her. Ahh what a day!!

The next week everything was nearly back to normal. Annie's family adopted the tiny girl and named her Felicity and now she was settling down very nicely in the Anderson family. The day before school started again, Annie's Mum told her she didn't need to be grounded any more but Annie just said 'Don't worry Mum. I don't think I ever want to go to that castle again'.

Meadowhall

Jane Evans [11]

One day I was at Meadowhall and I'd just been to Sainsbury's with my Mum, Boring!!! After, I went to Claire's Accessories. A man had lots of great hats, my favourite kind! He took them into a room that said, "Staff only" But the hats were so great I had to get a look at the price tag so I could buy one. I ran in the room oops! Big mistake!

There was a big man and he looked mad!!! I tried to explain but he wouldn't listen, he grabbed my hand, digging his nail in my palm and pulled me to the head of security. What was I meant to do?! The head of security was huge and horrifying.

He told me I could be arrested! I could not believe it! I only wanted to look at the price of the hats and I'm told I can get arrested this was BAD! I was really worried...

I knew I would be grounded for life (so not fair!). My mum so wasn't going to be happy! Then he told me, after looking at my identity card, that I use to get in the cinemas, I couldn't really get arrested because I wasn't old enough! Whew. (That's so not fair that he can tell me I'm going to get arrested and then change his mind!) But then he asked where my mum was and I told him the truth: I didn't know! He looked as if he would blow up!
" Not only are you sneaking into the staff only room... Wait a minute what are you doing in here?"

That's what I would like to know I thought to myself! A tingle shivered up my spine.

"Answer me NOW!" What was I supposed to say? I said miserably,

"I just wanted to..." He looked at me and scowled angrily.

"Are you going to tell me why you are here and where your mother is or not?" He boomed. I gulped hard and shivered.

"I said, I don't know. We went to Sainsbury's then I left her to come to Claire's Accessories. That's when I came in here, the staff room to look at the hats someone brought in here, but it was a big mistake because the security man was here. It was him that brought me here to you and now I've lost my mum and its all your fault you big..." I was getting louder and louder and faster and faster and before I could stop myself it all came out. The head security man (who, by the way, was called Mr Jones. I read it off of his tag) went red in the face with anger and began shaking as if he was about to burst all because of me.

"You big what?" He yelled. I was terrified. His eyes widened and I felt the colour drain from my face. I was speechless. I looked all around me. Nobody was there to help me now.

It was quiet, the head of security was sipping his water, every so often he would look from the top of his glass checking on me. He thought I was guilty, I could tell by the way he stared at me. I wasn't, I was just an every day customer interested in a product. Normally, if I were at school, I would have

had one of my friends, Jack or Lisa to convince me I had my rights, but it was just me now. Alone.

I did what any normal teenaged girl would do in this situation; I made a run for it! I sprinted out of the security room and through Next and out into the car park. I looked all around me. I couldn't see my mum's car. It was if the security, of Meadowhall, were all after me, putting spells on me to make me not see our car. Then I realised, typical of me! Wrong car park! My mother hadn't parked here; she had parked in the Sainsbury's car park. Oh no!

I ran so quickly down the concrete stairs and onto the path by the shop entrance. I shouted SORRY at the top of my voice as I pushed past other customers in the carpark. I saw a security man running after me. I was wearing high- heeled shoes so he was bound to catch me. Without thinking I kicked off my shoes and ran bare foot down the street until I reached Sainsbury's car park. I saw my mum stood by the car with a load of shopping bags.

"Let me in the car! Let me in the car!!!" I yelled. I was terribly out of breath. My mum let me in the car and threw the bags into the back, then got in herself. I panted, looking around to see if the security had managed to spot where I was. I saw a figure, I shouted to my Mum to start the car, but soon realised it was just another shopper. When I saw other customers I worried for them thinking, "Anyone of these customers could be the next to

experience the same thing as I just have." I glanced over the carpark; there was just the odd looking buyer.

"What is the matter and where are your brand new best shoes?"

"It's a long story," I told her, gasping for breath. Mum drove off quickly, leaving the security guards behind. The next day, there was a letter waiting for me. It was from Meadowhall security department. Oh no!

Crystal Peaks

Chloe Newbold [11]

One day I was at crystal peaks, it was quite cold and it wasn't very full. My mum had just been to the pizza place and I was going to the pictures to see Monsters Inc. It was very exciting.

In the middle of the film I wanted some pop corn because my most annoying little sister decided to throw mine on the floor and eat it from there, she knew I wasn't going to eat it from there. So any way I wandered off down the steps and a big man with hairy legs shouted at me. "Hey you! I can't see!" I wasn't going to stand up with that so I ran after my Dad who was going to the loo. The man was determined to tell me of so he ran after me! I turned right and jumped into the girl's toilet and he ran in after me. Some girls doing their make up made a right fuss. " What an earth are you doing in here?"

They screamed, "This is a girls toilet!!!!" The man straight into a cubicle. I ran straight back out of the toilet and to the pop corn bar suddenly my mum and little sister came out of the cinemas " What are you doing darling? I've been looking everywhere for you! Come back to the film. Oh and don't forget the popcorn." She went back into the film. Then the big man came back out of the toilets. I was so afraid I took my popcorn, paying of course, and ran into the cinema and jumped onto my seat. "All that just for some popcorn it was my sisters fault anyway" I said to myself, But then the man came running back into the cinema with popcorn all over

his back and milkshake all over his face. I couldn't help but laugh my head off. He got even angrier with me. "OOOhh

Dear." I hid under my coat and tried not to breathe, eventually the film finished but I got to watch about 15 minutes of it. I walked out behind my mum so he didn't see me and then I ran to the car and hopped in. The next day I went out to play and noticed that someone new had moved in next door. But who was it? Then I saw someone walk out the door, he looked familiar. CINEMA'S, NOOOO.

The Holiday

Rebecca Andrews [10]

Rachel and Simon were the best of friends and decided to go on holiday together. They wanted to go the seaside. So they decided to go to Scarborough. Rachel and Simon had been all through school together and they worked together at The Park Rehabilitation centre. Rachel and Simon were both Physiotherapists. When they arrived at Fraser's Fantastic Caravan Site!! They went to get their key.

Rachel and Simon started walking to their caravan. It said on their key '9', but when they got to that caravan it said on the door 'STAFF ONLY - KEEP OUT!' They didn't know what to do. The door was open, so they went inside.

Suddenly, someone came in. It was an old man with a cane. They hid immediately. He started to look around. Rachel and Simon were only hidden in a wardrobe, so they were very careful not to make any noise.

The man started to open the wardrobe door. He didn't see them, but heard them trembling.

"Who's there?" The old man called, "show yourself!" Slowly and carefully Simon and Rachel climbed out of the wardrobe.

"Didn't you see the sign outside?" said the man angrily.

"Yes, but this is our caravan!" said Rachel.

"No it's not, this is the staff-only caravan! It did say it on the sign outside!" shouted the old man.

"Go now, before you two get yourselves into any

more trouble!"

"Ok, come on Rachel," sighed Simon

Rachel and Simon slowly walked out of the caravan. They felt that their holiday had been ruined , by the old man kicking them out of the caravan that they thought was theirs.

"Pass me the key, Rachel."

"Why?" said Rachel.

"Just pass it me!" replied Simon.

Rachel passed the key to Simon.

"You are so daft!" chuckled Simon. "It says caravan number 6, not number 9!"

Rachel felt really daft, but she would get over it. She always does. Anyway, they went to the right caravan and had a peaceful holiday.

The Staff Room

Jessica Haigh [11]

There Mel was, in the staff room at school. Her legs just seemed to carry her there and if the teachers found her she'd be dead meat. Well if she was in there she may as well do something, everyone would envy her. Right then, lets get a coffee from that cool machine. So she did and to her horror all the coffee began splashing out of the machine. Oh my goodness she thought, if the teachers come in they would expel her for sure. Mel tried to turn it off but she couldn't find the switch, what was she going to do, coffee was flying everywhere. She knew what a stupid thing that was to do but she tried to push the coffee back in the machine. As Mel did so her leg knocked the switch of the soup machine. Soup on the floor, soup on her, soup on the sofa and soup on the miniature heroes she would never get out of there alive. It was nearly playtime; her teacher would be wondering where she was. If Mel didn't get this mess cleaned up she'd of have had it, she'd get expelled for sure and if Mel's mum found out then her life would not be worth living. So she began to clean up the mess with just some paper towels, there definitely weren't enough of them. How would Mel ever get the mess cleaned up in time?

"Why does everything I do always go wrong?" Mel said. She was having a thought; maybe she could make a runner. Today the new computers were coming, that would be her chance. Mel stopped cleaning, she had heard the sound of a lorry; Mel

peeked around the corner it was the delivery van. She had second thoughts, it was bad idea really because if she got caught she would never hear the end of it from her friends. So she didn't bother there was no point it would only cause more trouble. Mel started to look around there were draws in the corner, it couldn't harm to look in them. Mel opened the draw; there was a little trapdoor. It was a big enough hole for Mel to fit through. First her leg went in then her other, next was her stomach until her whole body was engulfed by the hole. It was like a different world in there, chocolate flowers, candy trees and gummy grass, anything you could dream of.

"Hello there, we don't get many people down here these days" Mel was shocked by the voice.

"Who is it, hello who's there what's your name?"

"My name is Tim, Tim Meadows you have entered the magical land of dreams, said Tim, I have a gift for you"

"Wow what is my gift" replied Mel very enthusiastically.

"Your gift will be 3 wishes you can wish anything, but you must make your wishes with in 2 hours" Tim said. Mel was quite amazed at this.

"Oh I already have my wishes can you make them true"

"Certainly, what are your wishes, your time left is 3 minutes."

"Right my first wish will be for me to have a very big palace here. My second to have lots of slaves to work in my home and my third will be to live here forever as the queen."

"Your wishes have been granted" said Tim. Instantly her house appeared, then the slaves arrived and next she became the queen.

Mel had been greedy and asked for anything anyone would of wanted. But in these magical worlds things are very different everything that seems good is actually bad so everything that seems bad is very good.

Mel hated where she lived and wished she could go back home but now she had used up her wishes and couldn't go home. Mel was never seen on earth again and lived in the magical land of dreams living a life of misery and regret. The slaves of Mel lived a lovely happy life and were so glad that Mel had come down to their land. At school Jordon James got the blame for the mess and the kids at school think that Mel ran away to another country because she couldn't take the blame of all the trouble she had caused. If you are wondering about the time she had for her wish and why it went so fast well that's because she was in a magical land when in any place like that you never know what might happen.

Saturday Nightmare

Katy Butterworth

It was a cold gloomy Saturday night. I was waiting impatiently for Kane my boyfriend. He had said we should meet here. The Dumps, as everyone called it. I was forbidden totally from this scruffy place, it was horrible for a place to hang out. It smelt of rotten fish mixed with sour milk, a revolting place. My dark brown hair veiled my face as gale force winds blew.

It was getting later and darker. I was beginning to worry. Just then two bright headlights shone in my emerald green eyes, I glanced and... Yes! Kane's car. I went to put my things in the boot... to my absolute horror I saw Kane tied up in the boot!!! I wasn't sure if he was dead or alive, but I was positive me and Kane were in deep trouble.

I climbed into the car that used to belong to Kane... well not anymore. The man driving was sweaty with long black scraggly hair scraped back in a ponytail. I knew I had to help Kane in some way or he might have died... If he wasn't already dead. I had never felt so very petrified in my entire life. But what could I do? I was just a helpless 12 year old watching my boyfriend's flame of life slowly burn out.

"Hello Gemma, my precious," said the peculiar man.

"H...H...Who are you?" I choked out, using up every

fragment of confidence I owned.

"I'm Sweaty Bill," he croaked, sounding like a toad.

He sure suited the name Sweaty Bill.

"There must be some way I can stop him," I thought optimistically.

A sudden jerk tore me from my thoughts. I wondered if Sweaty Bill was a good driver... I hoped he was. Maybe he had a few before he had... well, whatever he did to Kane. He seemed sober enough to me.

I slipped away into the 10,000 acre wilderness of my wild imagination once again.

"How could I stop some creepy man at least 20 years older than me?" I wondered.

Just then at that exact moment I remembered I had a nail file in my pocket, maybe if I could sort of poke him with it then all these terrible things that are happening will be forgotten, and I will finally be in peace and tranquillity... in heaven, or hell. I was pretty sure Sweaty Bill would go to hell. So I pulled out my nail file and confidently prodded him hard in the side.

"Hey," he protested. He stopped the car. I tried a higher prod this time. I aimed for his neck. As I did Bill turned around and it poked him right in the eye!!! He stumbled back and his head hit the Hand

Brake... Oops, wasn't that the one that set the car off?! The car jerked forward, Bill was unconscious.

The Girl Who Can't Write Stories

Stacey Shaw

Terry was in trouble. It was SATS morning and she didn't have a clue what to write about. The instructions were write an adventure story or a scary story. She hadn't got a clue. Terry wasn't a very bright girl. She was in group 4, which was quite bad. Her friend Tina was super at stories. Mrs. Bradgate, Terry's teacher, had sat Tina at the other end of the classroom so she couldn't help Terry with her story.

Tina was Terry's best friend. There was NO way she would let her fail SATS. She had a scheme she was going to write Terry the structure to a story, and then Terry would only have to put in the details. Tina was so brainy! She wrote Terry an adventure story. This is how it went.

In 1864, Sheffield watched in silence as the most horrific accident occurred. In lower Bradfield, there were a lot of mills. The mill owners were not very happy because their mills would only run with water. As you know the mills could not run in the summer because it didn't rain as much. The mill owners had a meeting to see if they could solve the problem a man called MR GUNSON attended one meeting and he explained his idea this is MR GUNSON'S idea.

We are going to buy higher Bradfield and then were going to flood it. We are going to build a reservoir,

we shall call it DALE DYKE reservoir. It will help you run your mills during the summer do you all agree?

The mill owners all agreed, we shall build a reservoir' they all cheered. The people that lived in higher Bradfield did not agree first off but when money was offered they thought it was a wonderful idea. The reservoir took about 3 years to build. When it was finally built they started to flood the reservoir. The reservoir was never used for drinking or for the mills because on one fateful day in March in 1864. MR Fountain was walking across the wall when he found a crack the crack was big enough to insert a small penknife. It was pouring it down with rain the waves were crashing over the all the wall was wobbling. Nevertheless MR Fountain carried on with his journey to his farm on the other side of the reservoir. At approximately 11:30PM MR Fountain decided to go and inspect the rack again, the crack was now large enough to insert a mans leg. MR Fountain was getting worried he sent a young boy to alert Mr. Chambers, the chief engineer. It was still pouring it down with rain. Mr. Fountain and a few of he men that built the reservoir remained on top of he wall. The wind was so violent that it blow out all the lamps.

Terry was so pleased with herself she was positive that she would get a level 5.

The young boy ran down the valley and started to

saddle up a horse (merry legs.) Unfortunately he forgot to fasten the girth. Sheffield was approximately 12 miles away. About 4 miles along the way the girth slid round and the boy fell off. The boy only grazed his knee after a few moments the boy got up and started to walk towards the nearest pub. He had been told not to tell anyone about the crack but unfortunately he walked in and shouted, THE DAM IS BREAKING! immediately all the people in the pub ran home and started to pack there belongings. MR Fountain did not tell anyone that they were all going to drowned. It was about 12oclock when MR Chambers had arrived he old the men to open the valve to release some water but the valve was stuck then all of a sudden there was a huge BANG!!!! And the all collapsed the water curled over....everyone in lower Bradfield was drowned and a few people in Sheffield.

THE END

Terry had finished just in time the bell rang she signed her signature and left the room.

When the results came back Terry got a level 5 but Tina only got a level 3 because she spent all the time working on Terry's story.

Chris Brammer
Laura Morris
Faye Ducker
Chloe Joanne Wilkinson
Melody Utley
Heather Stotton
Tom Whitehead
Lydia Wraw
Jessica Roberts
Jessica Waring
Hannah Elizabeth Utley

the **telling tales** team

Elizabeth Edley
Rebecca Summerfield
Kerry Humphries
Naomi Atkinson
Jane Evans
Chloe Newbold
Rebecca Andrews
Jessica Haigh
Katy Butterworth
Stacey Shaw
Chloe Hill

writetolive

John Turner | Linda Lee Welch | Ray Globe | Laura Watson
website www.writetolive.com email enquiries@writetolive.com